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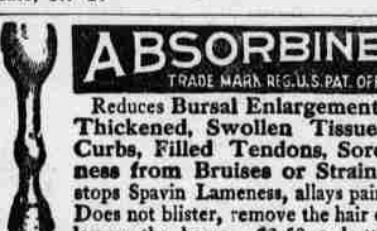
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"You may use this to recommend your ointment, if you wish. I cannot say enough to praise it." Yours truly, Mrs. Albert Southcott, Medina, N. Y. Mail orders filled by Peterson Ointment Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.



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FROG IN THE THROAT

By R. RAY BAKER

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"Gezunk!" called the bullfrog in the pond. Sam Bristol, lying flat on his back, his face turned toward a sky unmarred by clouds, smiled good-naturedly.

"Good old Nebuchadnezzar," he whispered. Nebuchadnezzar was Sam's name for the frog. There was no apparent reason for that appellation, unless it was that the animal's back was of the same color as the field fodder the ancient king was said to have eaten at one erratic period of his career.

"I detest that frog!" said Amelia Whitton, sitting nearby. "Frogs are so homely, and their voices are worse, except when they sing at night, and Nebuchadnezzar never does. He just croaks all day long. I don't see what you can find about him that is so charming. I can't tolerate any sound that isn't musical."

Sam pursed his lips and whistled meditatively.

"That's not musical either," Amelia observed.

"There isn't much about me that is—any more," he whispered. "Ever since I caught a severe cold five years ago I haven't had even a speaking voice. I don't see how you can stand it to have me around Amelia; I'm so unmusical."

"Of course you know I care for you," she said "in spite of the fact that you have no voice. I should have liked to know you when you could sing though. Isn't there any remedy?"

"The doctor says no," he rasped: "so you see if you marry me you'll either have to do all the talking yourself or have me for a constant note of discord in your life of harmony."

"I wish you could sing as folks say you used to," Amelia sighed. "I think it would reconcile me more to my fate," and she finished with a laugh—a musical laugh.

Her "fate" was her marriage to Sam, which was to take place as soon as she finished a course in vocal harmony she was about to commence.

"It would be fine if we could go to the city together and study music," she went on.

"Yes, it would. To tell you the truth, Amelia, I'm afraid to let you go alone. You'll land in some big opera company and fall in love with the star, and you'll forget about little Sammy in his very prosaic but prosperous shoe store back here in Glendon."

She shook her head. "No danger. Sam. I'm not that kind. But I wish you were going to study with me. When we finished we could get married and teach voice—if you could make some arrangements about your shoe business."

"That wouldn't be difficult," he said. "Johnson practically runs the business now; and I'd give him a half interest. But what's the use? I haven't any more voice than our friend Nebuchadnezzar. I have a frog in my throat."

"Gezunk!" chimed in the bullfrog, as if to say, "who says I haven't a voice?"

Amelia shuddered. "Let's go. Your friend frog gets on my nerves. I used to rather like him when we used to visit this little glen, but since I've studied harmony I've lost interest in his croaking."

They went back to the village and Sam, after escorting her home, hurried to his store.

Three weeks later Amelia packed two trunks and three handbags and set out for Chicago, where she would study voice with the masters.

Sam took her to Prescott, a village ten miles from Glendon, for the railroad on which she was to make her journey did not touch the latter place. The luggage, except one handbag, went ahead by motortruck and the exception followed with Amelia and Sam in his buggy. Sam never had been able to give up his spirited driving horse for an automobile.

"Good luck to you," he whispered as he kissed her good-by, and leaped from the train as it started. She waved a hand from the window and he responded similarly, and stood and watched the train vanish round a curve. For five minutes he stood at the station, dejected and lonely; for Sam and Amelia had been sweethearts since his advent into Glendon three years ago. He wished he could resurrect his life of five years—before he lost his voice. Sam had never told Amelia much about it, because it worried him in spite of the jovial attitude he appeared to take toward his "frog in the throat."

He drove slowly back along the road. The sunshine of spring and the flowers and foliage and birds that it brought, cast a spell over him, but it was a spell of moroseness rather than gladness. That is, he endeavored to

Protecting the Aged.

A Columbus business woman, who is by no means youthful, but who heretofore has regarded herself as anything but decrepit, received a severe jolt recently. She was on her way to work, carefully picking her steps through several inches of slush and snow. Two small boys were standing at a corner, giving loving finishing pats to two large, juicy snowballs. Their chattering ceased as the woman approached, and a significant silence reigned as she passed. Evidently a

drive slowly, but the horse, which was full of life and had not been in the harness much lately, did not relish the idea.

As she watched the scenery flash past, a neglected magazine in her lap, Amelia's mind was full of thoughts of the future. She knew her voice was good and she was confident she would realize her ambitions.

If she had known what was taking place on the country road, however, her thoughts would have been less of herself and more of Sam. Had she possessed a magic glass into which she could look and see whatever she wished, she would have witnessed a horse running away, dragging a man on the ground holding fast to the lines and paying for his tenacity with bumps and bruises and much dust and grime.

In the city Amelia made her home with a second cousin. She accepted some few attentions from young men who were commended for her especial benefit, but seldom received any one of them more than once, and she always wrote and told Sam about them.

After a year of conscientious and concentrated study with one of the city's leading vocal masters, Amelia had progressed so rapidly that her instructor told her she was qualified for grand opera—a minor part, of course, but with opportunities to make rapid strides to the zenith. He promised to intercede with some of his influential friends in the profession.

While this matter was brewing Amelia received the surprise of her life in the form of a letter from a noted impresario, informing her that he was willing to try her out for the leading part in a new production. She was not aware that she had become known among the higher-ups.

"There was no question about the advisability of accepting," her instructor told her warmly, as much surprised as she and somewhat puffed up because of the credit he felt was due him. "When Mr. Dinsmore makes an offer like that, it means something."

Correspondence resulted in an appointment being made at a theater and, with a pounding heart, Amelia went to keep it. She realized that her big opportunity had come.

A rehearsal was in progress, but Mr. Dinsmore was summoned to the box office and she introduced herself to him. He escorted her back of the stage and sent a boy to a dressing room on an errand. The boy returned with a young man costumed as a gondolier.

"Hello, Amelia," said the young man in a musical voice, bowing low. She stared at him, stunned. He looked for all the world like Sam Bristol; but of course Sam was back in Glendon selling shoes with his whispering voice. She had received a letter from him only a week ago.

"Oh, it's all right, Amelia," he said, clasping her in his arms and imprinting a kiss on her lips. "I'm Sam. This is my company. I used to be in opera before the frog crawled into my throat."

"My voice? Well, old Nebuchadnezzar is responsible. When I was driving back from the station I passed the pond and Nebuchadnezzar saluted me with a 'gezunk,' or a word to that effect. The horse was feeling kittenish and I had been dreaming—mostly of you—and I was pretty well scared. Before I knew what I was doing I had called 'whoa' good and loud. Since then I've had my real voice. The doctor says it never would have happened if it hadn't been for the strain in calling 'whoa!'"

"Good old Nebuchadnezzar," whispered Amelia, returning the hug that would have made a bear turn the color of a frog, out of envy.

Washington's Tour of the South.

In the spring and summer of 1911, President Washington made a tour of the south, visiting the states of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Virginia. This was perhaps the first presidential "swing around the circle." Archibald Henderson, author of "The Conquest of the Southwest," soon to be published by the Century company, has just completed a detailed investigation of this trip. He retraced Washington's steps and reports that he unearthed a wealth of generally unknown and forgotten facts and incidents concerning the life of "The Father of Our Country." During his investigations Dr. Henderson made an interesting and valuable collection of old prints, rare engravings, portraits and facsimiles of unique letters and documents.

The Soy Bean.

The soy bean, almost since its introduction into America, has been exploited at different times as "coffee berry," "coffee bean," "new coffee plant," "domestic coffee berry," and "new domestic coffee berry." For many years the soy bean has been used to a slight extent in Europe, especially Switzerland, as a substitute for coffee. In Japan and southern Russia the soy bean is prepared as a coffee substitute and placed on the market. This product is ground very fine and has much the same appearance as coffee.

question was asked, for through the wintry air came an answer, sharp and shrill: "Now, you don't want to throw no snowballs at an old lady."—Indianapolis News.

Responsibility.

"I suppose grave and heavy responsibilities confront a judge?" "You may well say that. Only yesterday I had to decide a matter involving the ownership of a pint of corn likker."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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To cut short a cold overnight and to prevent serious complications take one Calotab at bedtime with a swallow of water—that's all. No salts, no nausea, no griping, no sickening after effects. Next morning your cold has vanished, your liver is active, your system is purified and refreshed and you are feeling fine with a hearty appetite for breakfast. Eat what you please—no danger. Calotabs are sold only in original sealed packages, price thirty-five cents. Every druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not perfectly delighted with Calotabs.—(Adv.)

Sounded Like It.

A schoolteacher relates the following dialogue which took place during a recent examination:

Teacher—Johnny, spell and define bewitching.

Johnny—Be-witch-ing, fascinating.

Teacher—Correct. Now, what does fascinating mean? Who can tell?

Silence for the space of half a minute, then up comes a hand, shaking with impatience to give the desired information.

Teacher—Well, Michael, tell us what your idea of fascinating is.

Michael (drawing, but shouting with the utmost assurance)—It's phvater put in yer armer ter keep off small-pox.

Feeling hath no fellow.

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Georgette and Tricotine. "Tricotine, I hear some silly girl is going to marry Algy."

"Yes."

"Isn't it ridiculous?"

"Well, I don't know what to say, Georgette, I'm the girl."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Paradoxical Evidence. "You could see she was put out."

"How so?"

"By the fire in her eyes."

One never knows how foolish some men can act until they break into the father class.

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